



VAMPI
34

JUNE 1974

ALL NEW STORIES AND ART! PLUS **COLOR!**

58885-6

PDC

\$1.00

VAMPIRELLA



WALKING HORRORS
OF THE UNDEAD
CLAW THEIR WAY
OUT OF
AGELESS GRAVES...



...TO HAUNT
THE BEAUTIFUL
VAMPIRELLA!
"THE CARNIVAL
OF DEATH!"

EXTRAORDINARY VERSE

The Tiger

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

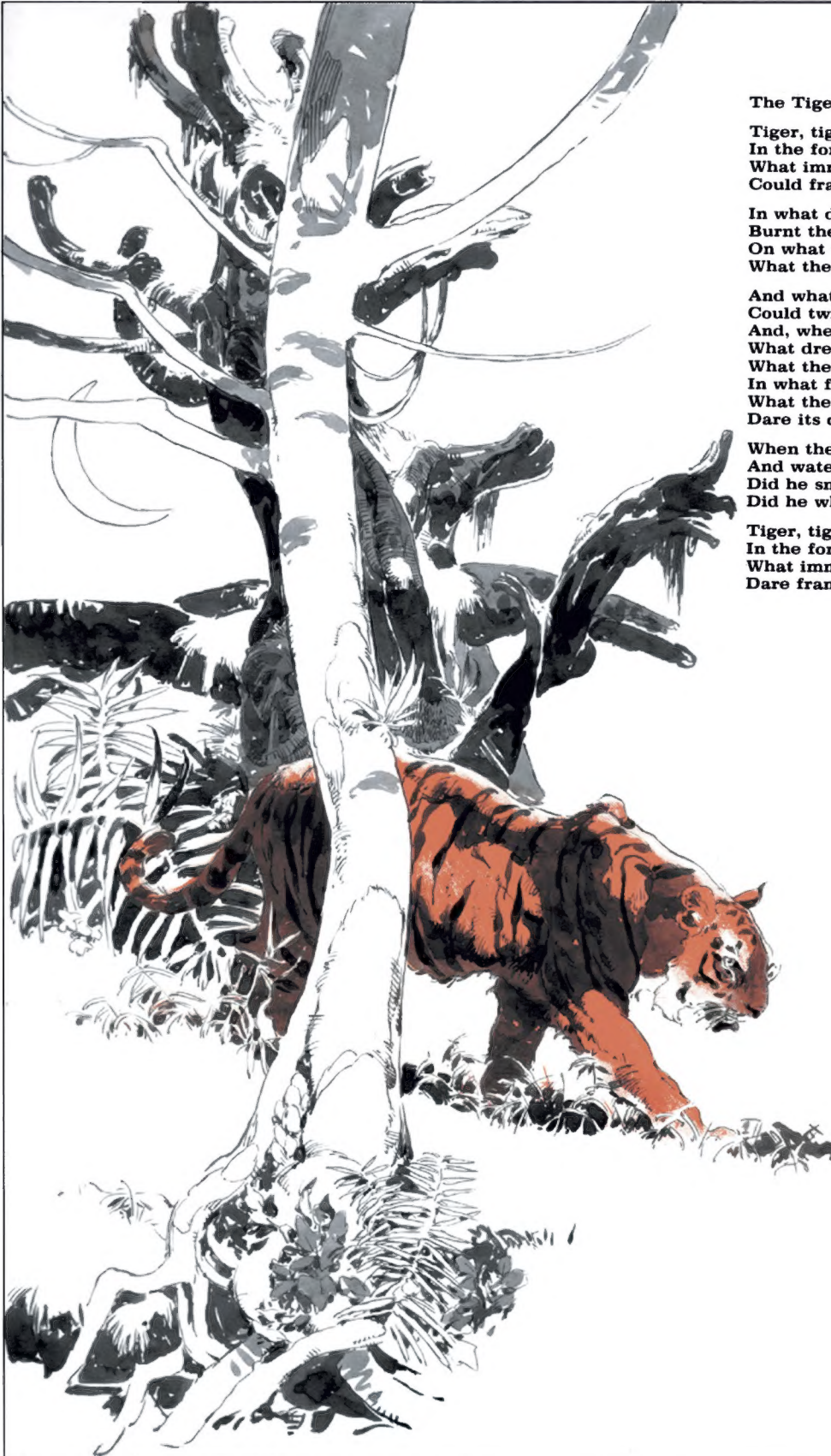
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

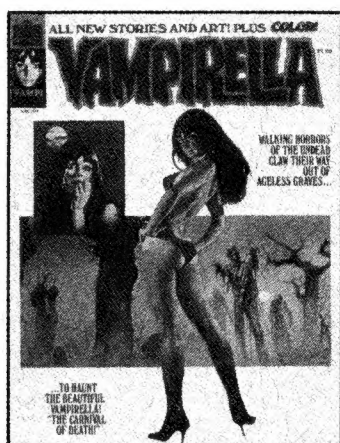
And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?
What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake





OUR COVER:

Lightning may not strike twice, but our lovely lady from Drakulon does in this double serving of Vampi and the craftsmanship of popular cover artist Enrich.

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& Publisher
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JEFF JONES
ESTEBAN MAROTO
FELIX MAS
RAMON TORRENTS**

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FLAXMAN LOEW
DOUG MOENCH
FRED OTT
STEVE SKEATES
BERNI WRIGHTSON**

VAMPIRELLA

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**ISSUE NO. 34
JUNE 1974**

VAMPI'S SCARLETT LETTERS

"Whatever happened to *Adam Van Helsing* and his father, *Conrad*?" is the question asked by readers, and our gal, *Vampirella*, has a hint!

VAMPI'S VAULT Object of our frenzied focus this issue is *Martin Salvador*, an artist adept at fusing fantasy and realism. Also on display: *Fanzines* and an *Editorial*!

CARNIVAL OF DEATH A masked ball in *Venice* is the setting! *Vampi*, *Pendy*, and a malevolent movie mogul are *all* on the guest list . . . But so is *horror* from the grave!

MIRANDA What weird obsession drives a man to offer *one million dollars* to marry this girl long secluded from all outsiders? What terrible secret makes her Aunt *refuse*?

FROM SPAIN OF LEGEND In which we meet a *newcomer* to our line-up of demoniac damsels . . . *Fleur*! A beautiful witch pitting her powers against a mad inquisitor!

BLACK AND WHITE VACUUM A mind-bending pursuit into *terror* and cosmic *insanity* graces our color section, as does the special artistry of *Esteban Maroto*!

RECURRENCE Murdering her husband and covering the crime was *simple* . . . Then the *nightmares* came, haunting her over and over! But *were* they nightmares . . . or something *else*?

COLD CUTS Snow blankets the woods, but its drifting whiteness cannot cover the *blood* spilled by a murderer, nor prevent the victim from honoring a *promise* to his bride!



"You know what fans want and give them the best!"

I've been an avid fan of VAMPIRELLA for quite some time and am more than pleased with the current material.

Artists **Jose Gonzalez** and **Auraleon** are superb.

Aside from VAMPIRELLA, I read CREEPY and EERIE. I find both entertaining but slightly on the bloody and gory side. I personally would prefer more emphasis on science-fiction rather than horror. At least one story in each issue, or perhaps an entirely new magazine featuring all s-f stories.

Warren Publishing is the outfit that can make a go of an all s-f mag. You know what fans want and give them the best of it. **THE SPIRIT** is a prime example of this awareness. **Will Eisner** is better than ever.

I buy your magazines because they are high quality, very much in tune with current interests, but mostly because I like to support companies that view this medium as an art form. Continue to produce good stuff and I will continue to buy your publications.

MARK V. ZIESING
Willimantic, Conn.

Due to financial troubles, I have missed many, many issues of VAMPIRELLA. So yesterday when I was downtown with rebuilt finances, I picked up issues #30, 31, and 32. Boy, was I surprised! My three main comments are: a) What happened to Vampi's Flames? I was set to send something in, drat it. b) What happened to Dr. and Adam Van Helsing? c) What happened to Chaos? In those three issues, all we saw was one demon in #30.

Other than that, I have a few more comments. Like what's with this surge in Vampi's boy friends. With Adam she seemed to have a deep adult relationship, but with the Sun-God, and the Traveler, she seems like a teenager in one of those sickening love stories.

Also, I would like to cast my lot with those who would like to see more pages of Vampi. I realize a full-length story might put a strain on the artist and writer, but I think a 25 or 30 pager each issue would suffice. I missed the issue with Vampi in color, but off-hand the idea sounds great. I hope this isn't too long, but you did ask us to write.

TIM STOFFREGEN
Columbia, Mo.

Another of my adventures is being done in color, Tim. Watch for it soon.

What is with this **Flaxman Loew**? His stories have no beginning, no end, and nothing in between but a bunch of jumbled nonsense. He's taken the whole idea of Vampi and messed her all up.

He cut Adam and Dr. Van Helsing completely, and with the new adventures Vampi has a new boy friend every issue who always gets wiped out. He has her travelling all over the world, and you don't know where she'll be next.

Now, for my review of #32: "Running Red" was a fairly good story plot, with fantastic art by **Gonzalez** as usual. "Pantha" was great, as was "Harry." As a whole, I would rate the issue as 100%.

Lastly, I should ask you to please print this letter. I stand behind all the people who feel the same way I do about **Mr. Loew** and his work on VAMPIRELLA.

CRAIG JORGENSEN
Antioch, Ill.

That may be, Craig. Of course, **EVERYONE** doesn't feel the same way you do. Catch **Norman Davison's** letter a bit further on for proof.

Enrich is a fantastic cover artist, but what happened on #32? Vampi's body is all out of proportion and her face looks like **Marlo Thomas**. Whatever malady has struck, I hope **Enrich** gets over it quickly. Personally, I think the story "Just Like Old Times" would have made a better cover. Not that I'm tired of seeing Vampi's gorgeous torso on front. But once in a while, we female readers need to see a nice color portrait of what's inside as well.

The team of **Flaxman Loew** and **Jose Gonzalez** has been pretty good. But I'm getting tired of Vampi falling in love all over the world. There must be a better way of getting her involved in new adventures besides first getting involved with men. Before you know it, she'll be another Hard Hearted Hannah!

And seeing poor **Pendragon** sloshed all the time is also getting irritating. Either let him stay sober once in a while or kick him out of the series.

Gonzalez has brought Vampi far more beauty and taste of late. Before, she was just cute, but now her horizons are broadening and she is gaining more inner-beauty and self-esteem. I like seeing her in a different wardrobe and the new adventures are just great! But cool it with the love affairs!

WANDA BUTTS
Largo, Fla.

Just got VAMPIRELLA #32 and enjoyed it very much. "The Running Red" was an interesting story although it seemed **The Traveller** did much more than our favorite femme fatale.

Pantha was also very good. The nudity in the story wasn't at all offensive. It would be very unrealistic having **Pantha** fully clothed before and after her change. The girl-panther was jungle bred, wasn't she? If so, then you would hardly expect her to be modest.

Everything about VAMPIRELLA is okay! I want to get the plaudits out of the way before I get down to the few general comments I must make.

First off, a reader in #32 complained about giving Vampi competition with **Luana**. He didn't mention **Pantha**, so I don't know if he means **Luana** or any female competition. But I disagree. Give VAMPIRELLA female competition. Have her paths cross with an equally deadly female for a battle of brain and brawn. **Pantha** or **Luana** would be good.

Or, how about an earthly vampiress tangling with our girl from **Drakulon**? I've a reason to believe that you've had her opposed by enough villainous males. Try it out with a beautifully villainous female for a change.

Secondly: morality versus escapism. Reading "The Man Whose Soul Was Spoiling," I got the distinct feeling that it was heavily moralistic. It was. I don't mind any kind of weird tale that points up a good moral, but "Soul" tried to drill the point into our head.

It's hard to put this across, and it's the same basic thing that has been ruining "new wave" science-fiction. Being heavily moralistic and fatalistic is fine. But stories shouldn't be so experimental that the reader could not make heads from tails. I just hope you don't go overboard with the todayish bit. Keep a nice balance between realism and relevance.

Another reader suggested a full-length Vampi adventure. Yes! Even a 30 or 40 pager would be fine. The more Vampi, the merrier. Keep her flying. It's good to see **Warren Publishing** doing so well.

RAYMOND J. BOWIE JR.
Somerville, Md.

Right now the 12 page length stories seem to enable **Jose Gonzalez** to produce his finest level art. If we find some way to add pages without losing quality, **Raymond**, we will certainly do it.



Many long-time VAMPIRELLA readers feel it's time for VAMPI to be matched against a FEMALE FOE. Worthy opponents suggested include **LUANA**, the jungle goddess rendered by **ESTEBAN MAROTO**, and another regular, **PANTHA**.

"Pantha is developing nicely!"

Recently on your Scarlet Letters pages, a suggestion was made that you experiment in the drawing of the VAMPIRELLA series. Personally, I tend to associate a character with the artist who made them popular; hence my usual attitude of certain current comics series characters "dying" from a transplant in artists. I must admit, however, that in VAMPIRELLA's case I would certainly like to see an experiment in which you would let **Richard Corben** write, draw, and color a segment of Vampi. In my opinion, **Corben** is your best writer at present and second only to **Jose Gonzalez** in art. Perhaps for some upcoming annual?

MIKE PRICE
San Diego, Calif.



It's an interesting thought, Mike. But **Steven John**, whose letter follows, has a different point of view on the subject.

Lately there seems to be an increasing amount of dissension over the use of **Jose Gonzalez** as Vampi's artist. In one letter that I recall, someone mentions the Loch Eerie monster and then compares it to a moldy loaf of bread, wondering why such artists as **Tom Sutton** or **Wally Wood** are not "allowed" to do Vampi.

The term **artist** to me, is a person who can consistently turn out appreciable work in the given amount of time and create the most "alive" artwork in the space provided.

Gonzalez' work on Vampi has always fit the above and seems to be about as expected as seeing the book on the stands nine times a year. His close-up scenes are comparable to portraits in their make-up and are at times very much alive. **Jose**, may you continue your success for twenty more stories. (At least!)

STEVE JOHN
Wichita, Kans.

VAMPIRELLA #32 was the worst issue I have read in my life. "The Running Red" and "Pantha: Black on White" were good, but the other stories ought to be **condemned!** The full-color stories were all right, but something seemed to be a bit lacking in them. "The Man Whose Soul Was Spoiling" has to be the most stupid story I ever saw. The art in "Just Like Old Times" was really beautiful but I felt that story really put the whole thing to shame.

JENNA BLUE SKY
Quebec, Ont.

At long last it looks as if you've found a successor to **Archie Goodwin** for the Vampi saga. **Flaxman Loew's** story, "The Running Red," in issue #32 was a welcome change from some recent ones that have featured everyone's favorite vampiress.

The story itself was quite excellent in terms of plot: Vampi and Pendragon on the European nightclub circuit became involved with a very unpleasant gambler. The hero—if that is the word for **The Traveller**—arrives and becomes romantically involved with our heroine, and proceeds to ruin the villain at the cost of his own life. Quite an interesting concept of evil and good, don't you think? A man who has lost his soul helping Vampi to ruin a totally evil mortal and his gang of thugs.

However, **Loew's** stories have some minor errors in them. To date since he's done the series, Vampi has had numerous love affairs. To wit: **Alastair MacDaemon**, the Aztec Sun-God, an unknown French poet, and now **The Traveller**. The romantic element is a good thing in any story, but let's not overdo it. Also in #32, **Loew** has Vampi enjoy a formal dinner with the **Traveller**... forgetting that her metabolism is really quite different from that of a normal human being.

Despite this, the story was fine in terms of content and plot development.

Jose Gonzalez did his usual high quality art job, making it a memorable visual experience as well. One thing more... When are the **Van Helsing**s coming back? Their presence is long overdue.

"Pantha" was fairly entertaining, but "Just Like Old Times" was run of the mill.

The rest of the issue was outstanding as well. The saga of "Pantha" is developing nicely, the color section featuring the work of **Jeff Jones** was an unexpected treat. And the last two stories, "The Man Whose Soul Was Spoiling" and "Just Like Old Times," were fit to stand by themselves in terms of art and story. All in all, issue 32 sums up as another credit to the gang at your offices. I'll be looking forward to the next issue.

NORMAN E. DAVISON
Union, N.J.



Despite the other very interesting gentlemen you cited, **Norman**, I do miss **Adam Van Helsing**, and even his father, **Conrad**. I'll try to arrange things so we get together again before too long. Maybe in that color story...



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING? Vampi's parade of lovers in recent issues, from **TRISTAN** of her homeworld, **Drakulon**, (seen above) to issue #32's **TRAVELLER**, have caused many fans to wonder if our heroine isn't overdoing it a bit.

I read my third issue of VAMPIRELLA today. (Issue #32.) You can be sure that I'll continue to read your books as long as you keep putting out such great tales.

Flaxman Loew scored again. "The Running Red" was not at all the kind of story that I expected. It was much better.

Enrich's cover was good, although it was rather misleading.

Fernando Fernandez' "The Man Whose Soul Was Spoiling" was simply superb. His artwork is good, but it is his writing that I really like.

The **Jeff Jones** and **Rich Corben** artwork was exquisite, but **Jones'** writing leaves me cold.

How about some feature length Vampi stories? Since she's the main reason I buy the book, the more I see of her the better. You could do a story recapping Vampi's origin and telling about some of the characters that we newcomers haven't seen.

JAMES M. REASONER
Azle, Tex.

I hated to write and tell you what I thought of your past issues 17 to 30. A few were exceptional, but all the others were **awful**.

Enrich and **Sanjulian's** covers were good, but became trite. Whatever happened to those extremely detailed covers of the old **CREEPY** and **EERIE** books? So much had changed... for the worst!

Then issue #31 came into my life! **Wow!** I'm really glad to see **Frank Frazetta** back on the staff again. I'm sure now that his beautifully warped mind is back at the drawing board, the quality of your magazine will once again rise to its original **Warren** standard.

As for the VAMPIRELLA series, I was happy to see Vampi ditch the **Van Helsing**s. The stories were getting much too soft, and didn't have enough horror. Now, I think your magazines are really very good, if only you keep up the hard work and keep **Frazetta** on hand for all your covers.

MIKE BASSETT
Wauwatosa, Wisc.

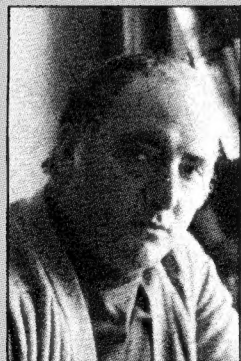
WHAT'S A POOR VAMPI TO DO?

"I get awfully lonely between adventures and your letters always turn me on."



CREEPY'S CATA COMBS

A BEASTLY BIOGRAPHY OF **MARTIN SALVADOR** COMICDOM'S DEVILISH DRAFTSMAN



One score and eighteen years ago, the land that gave us Don Quixote and El Cid also brought forth an artist destined for illustrative greatness: Santiago Martin Salvador.

Born in Madrid, Martin knew early in life what it was he wanted to do. And he wasted no time moving in that direction.

"I began filling the margins of my school-books with all sorts of drawings, and at the age of eighteen I was dedicating myself exclusively to comic strips."

Martin began his professional career by illustrating the exploits of a cartoon character known as Mandoza Colt. But the military separated our blossoming artist from his creation. After fulfilling his martial duties, Martin returned to the drawing board.

His comeback was an impressive one. He was given the Adventures of Robin Hood to illustrate, and added to that Dick Daring, war stories, Iron Man (for Boys' World Magazine), and the Eagle. One of his current favorites is The Saint, on which he alternates with his Warren Publishing assignments.

Although Martin much enjoys the genre of fantasy, he does have a particular favorite. "I prefer drawing subjects that are based on history... especially stories of the Wild West."

And what does he look for in the work of his fellow artists? "I chiefly admire illustrators whose personalities come through in their work."

As for his own professional guidelines, Martin notes, "I try to make my stories" as close to reality as possible."

It is few men who are able to make a childhood hobby their life's work. Martin Salvador is such a man. And what's more, he's one of the best!



Agruesome goody for the grave-robbing Ghouls. Yanus and Gabi plunder the dead in search of booty. Martin Salvador treat from CREEPY #61.

REFLECTIONS: Color and Black & White

Hi, I'm Archie Goodwin. Some eight years ago, I left CREEPY and EERIE to do free-lance writing and editing. Most of this was in the color comics field. Much of it was fun, but I also felt a growing dissatisfaction. A lot of it was connected with color. Too often I saw fine scripts and art hurt and sometimes ruined by hasty or indifferent coloring. I began to miss the black and white books where what the artist did was usually what you got.

In a day when almost all TV and movies are done in color, can there be any argument for black and white? With the right subject, I think there is... and what could be righter than the moody, ominous horror that's our specialty? Look at this issue. Look how Gonzalez, Mas, Torrents, Bea, Alcazar, and Jones work pen and ink, wash, pencil, ben-days in incredible variety to bring a story to life.

Only, hold it. A lot's changed in eight years. What's smack in the center of the book? A color section! This issue it's Esteban Maroto's art. Does it suffer what I mentioned above? No. This is color with a difference. It's done because we want it, because we've a story well-suited to it; not because we're contracted to fill a book with it. And it's done with artistic control, aimed at realizing the vision of a creator, not an assembly line.

So maybe my problem wasn't ever color versus black and white, but just in seeing the work carried through in the best possible manner. And that's what we're trying to do. We're human, sometimes we fall down. But we don't stop trying. And we hope it shows.

FANZINE REVIEWS

FANZINES are amateur publications produced by comic book fans, geared to an audience with a similar interest in comics. They contain a diversity of material, from historical articles on comics of the past, to discussions of current comics and news of comics yet to come! Fanzines are available only by MAIL, direct from their publishers. We think you'll enjoy reading some of the better examples from the present fanzine market.

LE BEAVER

17 Holly Road
Hampstead 254

Montreal, Quebec, Canada
25¢

The issue we have here was the special summer edition, available for 60¢. And it's a lot of fun.

Evidently, much hard work and long hours were put into this voluminous epic-fanzine.

There are 175 pages in this diverse and imaginative book. Everything from comic books to motion pictures to cartoon animation is discussed. And there is much wild and interesting art herein.

Particularly impressive is a wealth of STAR TREK and classic cartoon animation information dug up by the magazine's editorial staff.

About the only complaint one might rightfully lodge against this effort is a lack of concern over the extreme low-quality reproduction of the book.

Yet, despite this drawback, LE BEAVER is an admirable work.

EXOTIC FANTASY

260 Garth Rd. Apt. 7A3
Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

35¢

This is an average comics fanzine. The artwork is good, but not great; the stories are diverting, but not especially well-written. And the package is tight, but hardly impressive.

The intent of Publisher Paul LeGrazie, Jr., seems to have been to create a fanzine with concepts that are relatively untold and novel. The stories in his magazine are different, but their potential is unrealized.

EXOTIC FANTASY covers the spectrum from science fiction to barbaric tales of savage content, to mythology. Had Mr. LeGrazie not covered so much territory and chosen to concentrate on one of these aspects of fantasy, the result would have been far more satisfying.

There are some promising artists herein, and for the price, you can't go wrong.

THE COMIC

CRUSADER
Martin Greim

Box 132,

Dedham, Mass. 02026
75¢

Here is an excellent fanzine with more than just news and previews of upcoming comics. In-depth studies are prevalent throughout, and these are accompanied by fine, strong artwork.

Issue #15 features a well-written history of Captain Marvel, interviews with artists Dave Cockrum and Kurt Schaffenberger, and a look at the career of the late Bill Everett, one of the comic art greats.

There is also an interesting eight page original story by Steve Ditko. It's a highly opinionated tale, but one surely worth reading.

Editor Martin Greim's package is a highly professional one, with a full-color cover and excellent quality art reproduction. Well worth the price.

VAMPIRELLA

WE ARE IN
VENICE...

VENICE, **TIMELESS**
CITY OF THE DOGES,
QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC,
A VERITABLE CRADLE OF
WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

VENICE A TORTUOUS MEDLEY OF CARVED STONE, BLOWN GLASS,
SAINTS' BONES, TITIAN'S, TINTORETTOS, BELLINIS, TIEPOLOS, MEMORIES,
DREAMS... ALL PERCHED UPON THE UNCOUNTED BILLIONS OF **ROTTING**
STAKES THAT CARRY THE TIMELESS CITY, INEXORABLY, INTO THE MUD
ON WHICH IT WAS RAISED.

TO VENICE WE FOLLOW THE **DELICIOUS DRAKULONNE**. SHE WITH HER OFF-BEAT COMPANION AND
AND CONFIDANT, PENDRAGON, IS BEING BROUGHT, BY THE FATE THAT SHAPES ALL OUR ENDS, TO A
GRIM CONFRONTATION AT...

THE CARNIVAL OF DEATH!

AND **WHO** I
WONDER, OWNS
THAT PARTICULARLY
UNSANITARY-LOOKING
HUNK OF REAL
ESTATE?

I CAN ONLY GUESS
PENDY. I SENSE THE
PRESENCE OF A
TERRIBLE **SADNESS!**
THE VERY STONES OF
THAT PALACE CRY
OUT A **MILLION**
UNFULFILLED
DESIRES!

THE BUILDING THAT HAS BRIEFLY CAUGHT THE PASSING ATTENTION OF VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON IS THE **PALAZZO UMBERTO**, RESIDENCE OF THE COUNTS UMBERTO SINCE THEY BUILT IT IN THE 16TH CENTURY. TIME HAS DEALT HARDLY WITH THE PALAZZO: THE STINKING WATERS OF THE GRAND CANAL HAVE TAKEN OVER THE GROUND FLOOR, AND THE TIEPOLO CEILING IN THE GREAT BALLROOM MAKES WHAT SHIFT IT CAN TO KEEP OUT THE RAIN.



IT SEEMS SO LONG SINCE WE ENTERTAINED. I THINK, MY DEAR, THAT WE MUST GIVE A BALL.

OH, PAPA! HOW DIVINE! A **MASKED BALL... A CARNIVAL!**



WITH MUCH PAINFUL SEARCHING OF MEMORIES, THEY BUILD THE GUEST LIST...

LET ME SEE... MMMM... WE MUST NOT FORGET THE PRINCIPESSA DI POZZI.

OH, YES. THE PRINCIPESSA! SHE IS SO SMART! SO GAY!



IT IS THE SAME TALE FOR THE REST OF THE GUEST LIST. THE UMBERTOS ARE LIVING IN THE PAST. THEIR PROPOSED GUESTS ARE ALL DEAD. COME THE NIGHT OF THE CARNIVAL, THEY WAIT IN VAIN FOR THE SOUND OF ARRIVING GONDOLAS.

NINE O'CLOCK AND NOT A **SOUL!**

I COULD **CRY** WITH VEXATION AND DISAPPOINTMENT! HOW SHALL WE BREAK THE NEWS TO POOR MAMA?

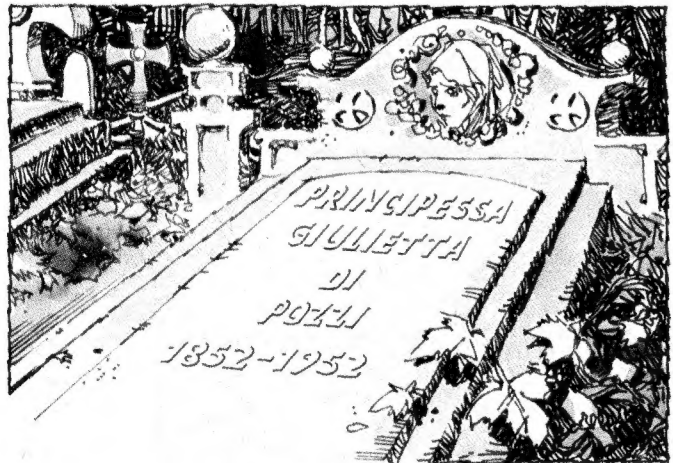
THIS DECISION BY THE COUNT IS TAKING PLACE SOME WEEKS BEFORE VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON COME TO VENICE.

I SHALL SING, OF COURSE. A RECITAL OF **BEL CANTO**, TO MY OWN ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE PIANOFORTE. I SHALL BE THE **CYNOSURE** OF ALL EYES!

WE WILL INVITE ALL OUR FRIENDS, DEAR... THE **VERY BEST** PEOPLE IN VENICE!



ALAS FOR MEMORIES! THE PRINCIPESSA DI POZZI HAS LAIN, THESE **TWENTY YEARS**, IN HER FAMILY MAUSOLEUM ON THE CEMETERY ISLE OF SAINT MICHELE.



A TEN O'CLOCK, THE COUNT RESORTS TO A STRATAGEM OF DESPERATION.

BEPPU! YOU WILL TAKE THE GONDOLA AND SCOUR THE CANALS FOR PERSONS OF **BREEDING AND DISTINCTION!** YOU WILL PRESENT THEM WITH THE INVITATION CARD, AND YOU WILL BRING THEM BACK **HERE!**

SI, SI, EXCELLENCY!



THE COUNT'S PRIVATE GONDOLA BEARS BEPPO THROUGH THE NIGHT. OFF THE PUNTA DELLA DOGANA, **A BLAZE OF LIGHTS** REVEALS A SLIM YACHT.



SURELY TO OWN SUCH A VESSEL MUST TAKE MUCH BREEDING AND DISTINCTION...

VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON ARE HERE, TOO! THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT SIX THOUSAND MILES TO DO THEIR MAGIC ACT. SO FAR, NO ONE HAS ASKED THEM TO PERFORM.

PENDY, I WISH WE'D NEVER COME HERE! THEY'RE **EVIL**, ALL OF THEM! BEHIND THE SCENT OF JASMINE, I CATCH THE REEK OF THE **CHARNEL HOUSE!**

YOU'RE... **HIC!**... A TRIFLE OVER-CENSORIOUS, VAMPI, M'DEAR. MR. SULL MAY BE DEFICIENT IN SOME OF THE EXTERNAL TRAPPINGS OF A GENTLEMAN, BUT HIS BARMAN BUILDS A HELLUVA WHISKY SOUR!



LATER, THERE ARE SHRIEKS OF TAUT LAUGHTER. THE HOST HAS COME UP WITH ONE OF HIS FAMOUS **BLACK HUMOR GAMES...**

RUSSIAN ROULETTE? HOWJA MEAN, RUSSIAN ROULETTE, ZYMER?

QUITE SIMPLE, OLD MAN. TONIGHT, ZOE AND CHARMIAN HERE WILL **STAKE THEIR LIVES** FOR SAMMY'S FAVORS...

INSTEAD OF A REVOLVER LOADED WITH FIVE BLANKS AND ONE LIVE SHELL...

...WE HAVE SIX GLASSES OF WINE...

...ONE OF THEM SPIKED WITH... **CYANIDE!**



THE YACHT BELONGS TO **ZYMER Z. SULL**. HE IS THE LAST OF THE MOVIE CZARS. HIS NAME IS SYNONYMOUS WITH **LUSTFUL DECADENCE** OF A PARTICULARLY **BRUTAL ORDER**. TONIGHT, THE YACHT IS PACKED WITH HIS **GILDED HANGERS-ON** ALL WHO ARE YOUNG, DEBAUCHED AND BEAUTIFUL AMONG THE INTERNATIONAL SET. STAR GUEST TONIGHT IS **SAMMY BLEECHER**, WHO ILLUMINATES THIS DECADE AS "**THE VOICE OF DELIGHT!**"



FLOWERS OF EVIL, MY HONEY, CARRY ME AWAY, SOMEPLACE, TO **DIE...**



ZOE'S HAND TREMBLES AS SHE LIFTS
HER CHOSEN GLASS...





I...I CAN'T DO IT...

YOU'RE ALL *MINE*, LOVER!

BABY, YOU'RE *CHICKEN*!

THANK THE STARS!

CONFIDENTIALLY, SUH... THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST A *GAG*, RIGHT? THERE WAS NO *CYANIDE* AT ALL, *RIGHT*?



YOU *THINK*?...

TEN SECONDS, THE MONKEY'S *RICTUS GRIN* OF AGONY IS FIXED FOREVER IN *DEATH*!



LET'S SEE HOW LITTLE ZOE *WOULD'VE* MADE OUT...



OH, MY GOD!

AMUSING, HUH? BUT YOU SPOILED THE BEST PART OF THE *FUN* BABY... NOW WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING? EVERYTHING ELSE WILL BE STRICTLY *ANTI-CLIMACTIC*!



THAT MAN IS *UTTERLY* AND *COSMICALLY* *VILE*!

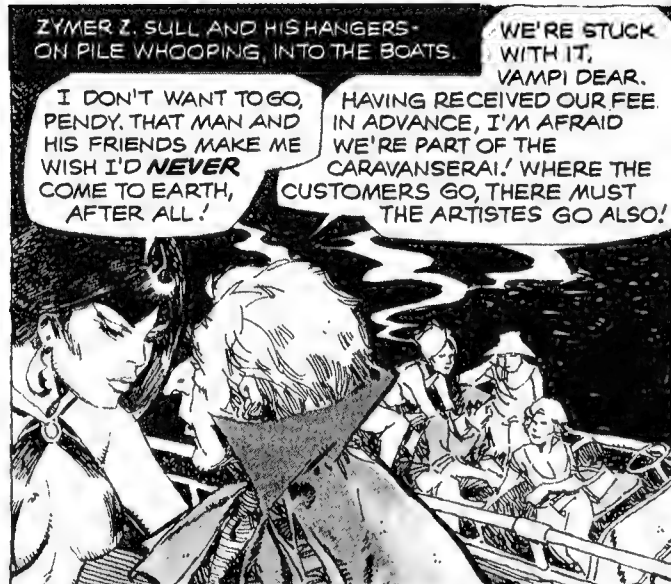


GUY HERE TO SEE YOU, BOSS!- SAYS HE'S GOT SOME KINDA PARTY INVITATION!



WHAT A GAS! THIS IS THE FREAK-OUT OF THE CENTURY! SOME NUTTY VENETIAN COUNT'S INVITING US TO A CARNIVAL AT HIS PALAZZO IN THE GRAND CANAL!

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, FANS, THAT WE'RE **ACCEPTING!**



ZYMER Z. SULL AND HIS HANGERS-ON PILE WHOOPING, INTO THE BOATS.

WE'RE STUCK WITH IT, VAMPI DEAR.

I DON'T WANT TO GO, PENDY. THAT MAN AND HIS FRIENDS MAKE ME WISH I'D **NEVER** COME TO EARTH, AFTER ALL!

HAVING RECEIVED OUR FEE IN ADVANCE, I'M AFRAID WE'RE PART OF THE CARAVANSERAI! WHERE THE CUSTOMERS GO, THERE MUST THE ARTISTES GO ALSO!



THE PALAZZO UMBERTO!

WHAT A **DUMP!**

CASTLE DRACULA LIVES!

HAND ME MY **SHROUD!**



THEY ARE GREETED BY THE COUNT AND HIS DAUGHTER, SAMMY BLEEKER MAKES A BIG HIT WITH THE LATTER.

YOU'RE A **SINGER?** HOW **DIVINE!**

SUCH AN HONOR, SIGNOR.

YEAH!

I AM A SINGER ALSO!

DON'T LOOK NOW, DAH-LING, BUT I'D SAY THE DIVA'S GOT MORE THAN **MUSIC** IN MIND!



THEY SWARM UP TO THE BALLROOM, AMUSING THEMSELVES ON THE WAY.

THIS BEATS SUBWAY WALLS ANY DAY!

HEY! A LADY WITH A **MOUSTACHE!**



FIRSTLY, MY FRIENDS, MY DEAR DAUGHTER WILL DELIGHT US WITH A SELECTION OF **ARIAS**, TO HER OWN ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE PIANOFORTE.

GIVE, BABY!

GREAT!



AAAAAH... AH, AH, AH
AHHHHHHH...
A-A-A-AH... HA, HA, HA
HAAAAAAA... ♪



BUT THE GRAND OPERA IS WASTED ON SULL
AND HIS GUILDED COURTIER...

I'VE GOT A
BETTER
IDEA, MAMA...

GET UP THERE, CHARMIAN
BABY! AND LET'S SEE
SOME **REAL** ACTION!

MY WORD...!



YEAH,
YEAH!



VAMPIRELLA FEELS HER CHASTE, FLAME-LIKE
ORAKULONNE FURY RISING!

I HATE THESE
PEOPLE! THAT MAN
SULL... I COULD **TEAR**,
REND AND **DESTROY**
HIM!

VAMPI, MY DEAR...
FOR ALL OUR SALES,
KEEP YOUR **COOL**!



SIGNOR, I MUST ASK
YOU TO **DESIST**... OUT OF
RESPECT FOR MY BELOVED
DAUGHTER... BECAUSE OF
YOUR OBLIGATIONS AS
MY GUEST!

IS THAT OLD
BUM TRYING TO
SPOIL OUR FUN,
ZYMER HONEY?

"THE VOICE OF DELIGHT" ANSWERS THE COUNT...

OUTA MY WAY,
YOU OLD HAYBAG!

...I GOT ME A
REAL MIND~
BENDING IDEA!



DO
SOMETHING
FOR SAMMY,
HUH?

I'M MAD FOR YOU, BABY!
LET'S DO SOMETHING...LIKE
LET'S MARRY, OR CLIMB A
MOUNTAIN, ZOOM TO THE
MOON, BUY ROME AND
BURN IT...

CARO MIO...
FOR YOU I WILL
DO ANYTHING...
ANYTHING!



GET UP THERE
AND **STRIP** WITH
CHARMIAN, HUH?



I'M GOING TO STOP
THE DEGRADATION OF
THAT POOR STUPID
WOMAN!

NO,
VAMPI!..
NO!



SIGNOR!...I...
AAAAARRGHHH!

CRACK





SAMMY BLEECHER IS NOTHING
IF NOT AN OPPORTUNIST.

HI, BABY. HOW ABOUT
YOU AND ME MAKING
SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER,
HUH?

IF YOU ARE
REQUESTING A
DANCE, SIGNOR, I
AGREE WITH
PLEASURE.



AW, IT COMES
BETWEEN US,
BABY...

NOT SO, SIGNOR.
FAR FROM A **BARRIER**,
IT IS AN
INVITATION
TO FURTHER
INTIMACIES!

THEN LET'S
MAKE WITH THE
INTIMACIES,
BABY!



HONEY, YOU'RE SO
SLENDER AND LIGHT.
BUT WHAT GIVES WITH
THE MASK? WHY DO YOU
HIDE YOUR FACE...?

IT IS AN OLD
VENETIAN CUSTOM,
SIGNOR.



EEEE-A-A-A-AHHHHH!



HE...HE'S **DANCING**
WITH A **CORPSE!**
YOU WERE RIGHT,
PENDY...! **THE**
GRAVES HAVE
YIELDED UP
THEIR DEAD
TONIGHT!



IN THOSE FEW BRIEF INSTANTS, SAMMY BLEECHER, "VOICE OF DELIGHT" AND STAR-OF- STARS, IS SENT **IRREVERSIBLY AND UTTERLY INSANE** WITH **SHOCK AND HORROR**!

MOMMY... WHERE ARE YOU, MOMMY?... I WAN' MY MOMMY...

SUCH A PITY! HE WAS TOO... IMPORTUNATE!

OTHERS OF ZYMER Z. SULL'S ENTOURAGE **SEEM** TO BE MADE OF STERNER STUFF.

NOW SEE HERE! I KNOW THIS IS SOME KIND OF **GAG...**

...BUT NOT FOR LONG!

...AAAAAHHHHH!!!

AN IVORY-HANDLED PISTOL FLASHES TO ZYMER Z. SULL'S HAND...

YOU'RE BEHIND ALL THIS DEVILRY, YOU OLD...

NO! NO! PLEASE, SIGNOR... I BEG YOU...

NO! YOU WON'T KILL ANYONE, SULL! BUT YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR EVIL!!

THE DELICIOUS **DRAKULONNE** ONLY LIVES AS A NORMAL WOMAN BY IMBIBING BLOOD-SUBSTITUTE SERUM EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. BUT VAMPIRELLA'S LUST FOR **HUMAN BLOOD** NEVER LEAVES HER. HER DESIRES ARE EQUALLED BY HER **JUSTNESS!**

UUUUUUHHH...



OH, PENDY... I'VE... I'VE **DRAINED** HIM DRY! I'M SO **ASHAMED** OF MYSELF! I-I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO BE HIS **JUDGE, JURY A-AND EXECUTION-ER!**

THE RAT DESERVED IT, MY DEAR. COME AWAY. LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE. IT'S NOT FOR US.



VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON QUIT THE PALAZZO UMBERTO (THE LATE ZYMER Z. SULL'S GILDED HANGERS-ON HAVE LONG SINCE FLED), LEAVING THE COUNT AND HIS **GUESTS** TO THEIR **CARNIVAL OF DEATH**. THEY DANCE TILL COCKCROW RECALLS THEM TO THEIR **NOBLE MAUSOLEUMS**.

HAPPY, MY DEAR?

YES, PAPA. IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE **RIGHT** SORT OF PEOPLE! SUCH A PITY MAMA'S TOO TIRED TO JOIN IN.



THE COUNTESS UMBERTO **DEPARTED** THIS LIFE A VERY LONG TIME AGO, BUT HER ADORING HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER HAVE NEVER HAD THE HEART TO **PART** WITH HER **REMAINS**.

YOU WOULD HAVE **LOVED** IT, MY DEAR.

ONCE WE GOT RID OF THE **RIFF-RAFF**, IT WENT WITH A REAL **SWING!**



AS VAMPIRELLA OFTEN REMARKS TO HER OFF-BEAT COMPANION...

I WONDER IF THE UMBERTOS ARE STILL THROWING PARTIES?

I'VE A **GRAVE** SUSPICION THEY MIGHT, VAMPI...!

ONCE SOCIALIZING GETS A HOLD OF SOME PEOPLE, THEY CAN'T **BIER** A QUIET LIFE...

THEY **CADAVER** ABOUT ALMOST EVERY NIGHT!



BESIDES BEING THE **RICHEST MAN ON EARTH**, HOWARD ALBERT BLACK HAD ANOTHER DISTINCTION THAT SET HIM APART FROM "ORDINARY" PEOPLE. HE COLLECTED **WIVES**.

NOT JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL WIVES, BUT VERY **SPECIAL WIVES**. WOMEN WITH **PECULIARITIES**.



SO IT WAS THAT WHEN HE CAME TO THE DILAPIDATED HOME OF OLD MA JENKINS, MR. BLACK HAD ALREADY MARRIED AND DIVORCED **SIX** WOMEN, AND WAS SEARCHING FOR A SEVENTH... A GIRL WHO WAS CALLED...

MIRANDA





BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MILLION DOLLARS... TAX FREE!

YOU'RE OFFERING ME ALL THAT MONEY IF I LET YOU MARRY MY NIECE, MIRANDA! BUT THAT CAN NEVER BE!

SHE... SHE'S... DEFORMED.



BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I WANT TO MARRY HER... WHY I MUST MARRY HER!



HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU, THESE PHOTOS... OF MY FORMER WIVES...

BUT... THESE WOMEN HAVE SUFFERED... TERRIBLY!

FIRST THERE WAS MARIE, WITH ONLY ONE EYE... THEN JULIE, WHO HAD NO ARMS...



I WAS MARRIED TO THEM ALL, MRS. JENKINS.

YOU SEE, I FIND BEAUTY IN THE... UNIQUE! SOME WEALTHY MEN COLLECT GEMS, OTHERS CARS... BUT I COLLECT WIVES! VERY UNUSUAL WIVES!



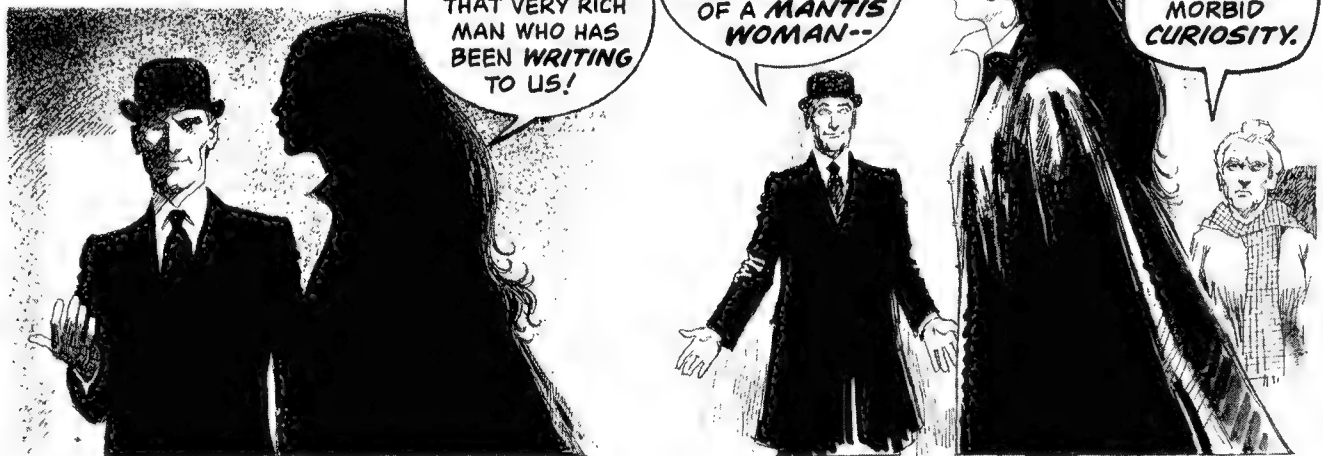
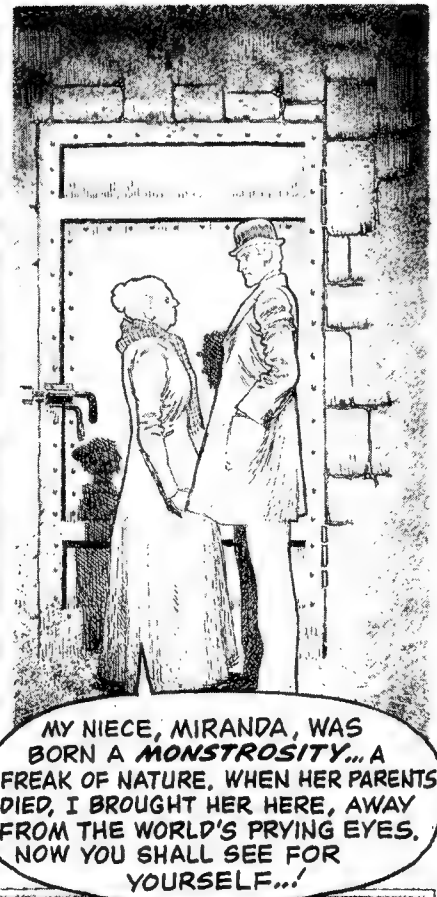
THIS IS HORRIBLE! EVIL! AND NOW YOU WANT MY NIECE...

...POOR, DELICATE MIRANDA...!?



AT LEAST LET ME SEE HER! YOU CAN HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME SEE HER!

I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY MR. BLACK! NEITHER DO I WANT YOU MARRIED TO MY NIECE. I'VE A MIND TO THROW YOU THE HELL OUT OF HERE! BUT I GUESS IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT MIRANDA MEET YOU!







...I'LL LEAVE MIRANDA FOR THE TIME BEING! BUT I WARN YOU... I'M USED TO HAVING MY OWN WAY... NO MATTER WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO GET IT!

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST FROM ME.



THE CONCEITED FOOL!

AUNT MARGARET? DID MR. BLACK MEAN WHAT HE SAID? HE WANTS TO MARRY ME?



HE'S A MADMAN, MIRANDA! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS SAYING.

DON'T LIE TO ME! YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO SEE ME GET MARRIED LIKE A NORMAL WOMAN! YOU WANT TO KEEP ME A PRISONER HERE!



DON'T BE FOOLISH, GIRL! DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST MAN WHO TOOK AN INTEREST IN YOU?

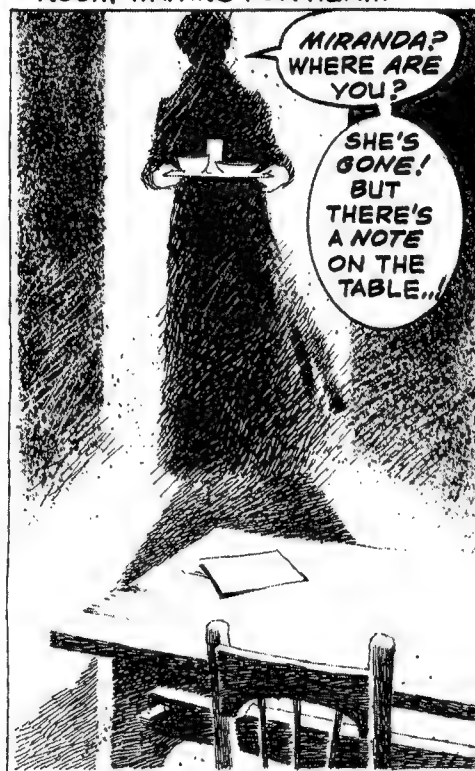
BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! I WON'T LET IT!



COME TO YOUR SENSES! YOU'RE MORE PRAYING MANTIS THAN WOMAN, MIRANDA... AND YOU ALWAYS WILL BE!

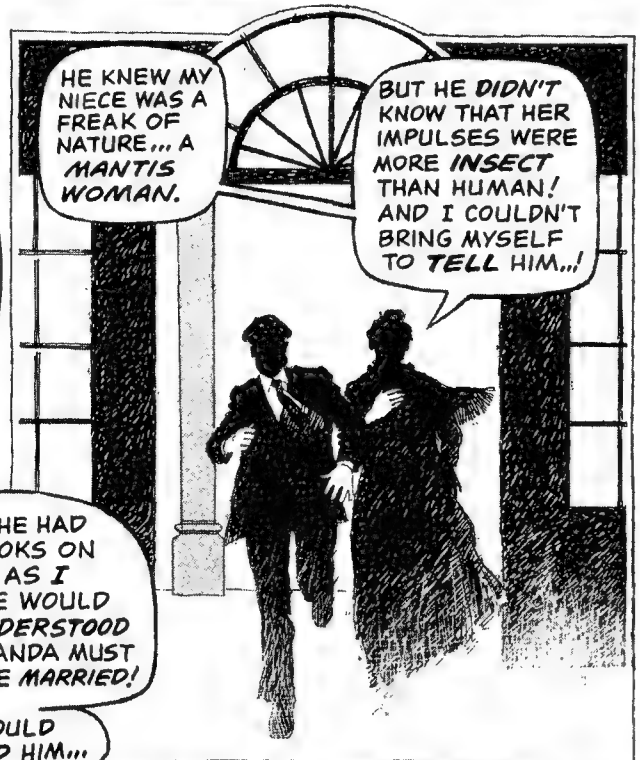
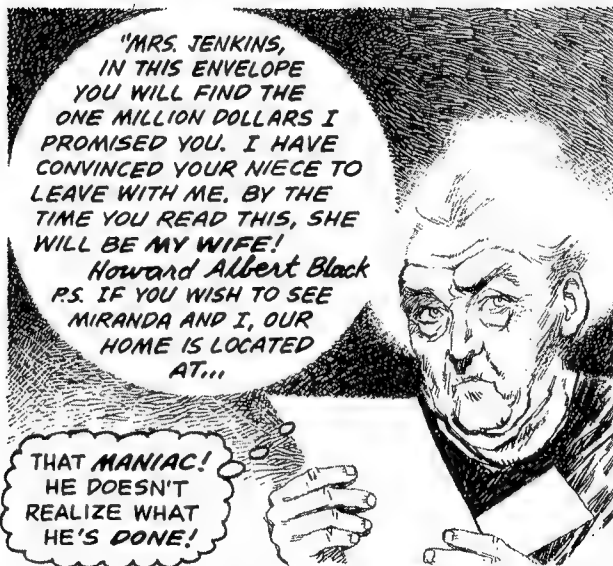
YOU MUST NEVER LEAVE THIS HOUSE!

THE NEXT DAY, MA JENKINS BROUGHT MIRANDA HER BREAKFAST... BUT FOUND AN EMPTY ROOM WAITING FOR HER...



MIRANDA? WHERE ARE YOU?

SHE'S GONE! BUT THERE'S A NOTE ON THE TABLE...



FLEUR



YOUR GRACE? THESE...THESE **BODIES...** OF MEN...WOMEN... ALL **BURNED!**

DON'T **TROUBLE** YOUR MIND, RUDYARD. **CHELIDONIUS** THE **WITCHFINDER** OF SPAIN IS ZEALOUSLY DOING **GOD'S** WORK.

FROM THE SPAIN OF LEGEND!

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU **WANT**
HERE?

I AM **RICHARD**, EARL OF **PARLAN**, RETURNING TO ENGLAND FROM A PILGRIMAGE TO THE **HOLY LAND.** I REQUEST A NIGHT'S **LODGING** FOR MYSELF AND MY RETAINERS.

THIS IS NOT A **HOSTEL!**
BE GONE OR...

NONSENSE, JOSE. INVITE HIS GRACE IN!

THEY LOOK **WEARY** FROM THEIR LONG JOURNEY. **CHELIDONIUS** REFUSES AID TO NO **CHRISTIAN.**

A RICH TRAVELER IS ALWAYS WELCOME HERE.

GO TO THE DEPTHS OF THE CASTLE AND BRING FORTH OLD WOMAN **GIRALDA...** IF SHE IS STILL **ALIVE.** I HAVE ONE MORE USE FOR HER BEFORE TOMORROW'S **BURNING.**

AS I WAS SAYING BEFORE WE WERE **INTERRUPTED** MY CHILD... BEING **WITCHFINDER** GENRAL HAS PUT ONEROUS **DUTIES** ONTO MY BACK.

I WAS FORCED TO PUT HUNDREDS OF YOUR NEIGHBORS TO **DEATH** FOR **CONSORTING** WITH THE **DEVIL.** AND BEFORE THIS AREA IS **PURIFIED**, HUNDREDS **MORE** MUST ALSO **DIE.**

THIS YOUNG NOBLE'S **RICHES** SHALL BE IN MY **COFFERS** BEFORE ANOTHER SUNSET.

ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH **LARGE ESTATES...** WHICH YOU THEN **APPROPRIATE.**



YOUR **VOICE** IS LIKE THE TINKLING OF BELLS, LURA...! BUT I **DISLIKE** YOUR **WORDS**!

YOU HAVE DONE MUCH TO **BRIGHTEN** THE **NIGHTS** OF THIS HUMBLE SERVANT OF GOD! I SHOULD HATE TO DISCOVER THAT YOU **SERVE** THE **DARK FORCES**. I WOULD HAVE TO TAKE CERTAIN **STEPS**. I AM, YOU KNOW, AN HONORABLE MAN.

YOUR **COURTESY** IS --

THINK **NOTHING** OF IT! MY GOD-APPOINTED TASK IS ARDUOUS AND ANY INFREQUENT VISITOR BRINGS A RAY OF **SUNSHINE** INTO MY LIFE.



IN YOUR **TRAVELS** I IMAGINE YOU HAVE COVERED A LOT OF GROUND...

QUIET HAG... UNTIL YOU'RE NEEDED.



... AND VISITED MANY **COVENS**.

COVENS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ONLY **WITCHES**--?

ARE YOU ACCUSING **ME** OF **WITCHCRAFT**?

THE **ACCUSATION** HAS **ALREADY** BEEN **MADE**... BY AN **ADMITTED WITCH**!

CONFESS, HAG! IS THIS THE **SORCEROR** WHOSE COMING YOU FORETOLD?

YES! IT IS **HE!** I **CONFESS!** HE IS THE **ONE!**

THIS IS **INSANE!** SHE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE **EYES** TO **SEE** ME WITH.





YOU ARE SO CALM... WITH DEATH SO CLOSE?

DEATH HAS ALWAYS BEEN CLOSE TO ME. I HAVE SPENT EIGHTY THREE YEARS IN INCARNATION.

I AM FLEUR. I HAVE HAD MANY LIVES...AND I SHALL HAVE MANY MORE!

YOU TALK AS THOUGH YOU ACTUALLY ARE A...



...A WITCH? BUT I AM! WHY DENY IT. IT'S BEEN A GOOD LIFE. BUT I'LL HAVE OTHERS!

BUT I WON'T HAVE OTHER LIVES! I WANT TO ESCAPE... TO GET REVENGE ON THAT SLIME WHO PUT ME HERE!



THERE I AM IN AGREEMENT WITH YOU! THAT MONSTER HAS MURDERED HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE!

THESE PIECES OF IRON STIFLE MY REVENGE... WEAKENING MY POWERS ALMOST TO IMPOTENCE!

WE NEED PRACTICAL PLANS... NOT WITCHLY DAYDREAMS!

SO YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE...! MY POWERS, ALTHOUGH WEAKENED, CAN STILL PROVIDE AN ADEQUATE EXAMPLE OF MY STRENGTH!

NOTE YON WOMAN, CHEWING AWAY ON THE HAND OF HER FORMER NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR...



MANY TIMES IN RECENT YEARS, THAT OLD WOMAN WOULD TAKE TO THE WOODS AND OBTAIN... PLEASURE... AT THE EXPENSE OF ANY INNOCENT CHILD WHO HAPPENED TO CROSS HER PATH.

EVEN SO GREAT AN IRRATIONALITY AS THE INQUISITION OCCASIONALLY SNAGS ACTUAL CRIMINALS!





**MUSCLE
CONTRACTION!
RIGOR MORTIS!
A FREAK
ACCIDENT!**

**ACCIDENT? IF SO, WHY HAS
THE HAND
CRAWLED
THROUGH THE
STRAW...**

**...AND
GRABBED
YOUR
FOOT?**

CONVINCED?

AAAA!!

**YES, DAMN
YOU, FOR THE
FRIGHT OF MY
LIFE, FLEUR!**

**BUT GAMES
WON'T SAVE US
TOMORROW! THESE
CHAINS LIMIT ME
TOO CLOSELY... AS
IRON DOES TO ALL
WITCHES!**

**THOSE
CHAINS PRESENT
NO PROBLEM TO
ME, M'LADY!**

**THIS SHARP
BLADE IN THE
LOCK WILL HAVE
YOU FREE
SMARTLY.**



**LURA, THE
BURNINGS FOR
TOMORROW LEAVE
YOU UNEASY?**

**YES,
VERY!**

**I SUPPOSE IT
IS TO BE EXPECTED!
YOU'VE KNOWN
THOSE PEOPLE
SINCE YOU WERE
BORN... ALL FORTY-
FIVE OF THEM.
TAKE THIS... DRINK
IT! IT WILL
CALM YOU!**

**WHILE YOU ARE
DRINKING THAT...
ALL OF IT... I
WOULD LIKE TO
INTRODUCE MY
NEW... MISTRESS
TO YOU.**





AAAH! MY HEAD!
IT BURNS!

THIS IS **CHASTITY!**
SHE HAS JUST RETURNED
FROM PARIS WHERE SHE
STUDIED MANY... AH...
SKILLS. I AM EAGER
TO... **TEST HER!**

I... I **BURN** ALL
OVER! **GOD HELP**
ME!

I'M
GOING
MAD!

LURA
GOES INSANE
NICELY!

YES! THE POTION I
GAVE HER **DEPRIVES** HER
OF ALL **REASON.** HER
SCREAMS WILL BE THE
PERFECT MUSICAL BACK-
GROUND FOR OUR FIRST
NIGHT **TOGETHER...!**



AND IN THE **DEPTHS** OF THE SAME
CASTLE, IT HAS BEEN A **LONG** NIGHT
FOR **OTHERS...** OTHERS WHO HAVE
NOT BEEN IDLE!



EVERYBODY
UP!

THIS IS THE
DAY YOU ALL GO
TO **HELL!**



YOUR HANDS ARE
FREE! USE YOUR
POWER NOW!
BEFORE WE DIE!

PATIENCE,
RICHARD! **REVENGE**
IS AN **ART!** FOR
MAXIMUM EFFECT IT
MUST BE HANDLED
PROPERLY.



YOU **LYING--!** YOU
WERE **TOYING** WITH
ME. YOU'VE NO MORE
POWERS THAT I.



STOP THIS
MADNESS! UNHAND
ME! I'M AN ENGLISH
NOBLEMAN!

QUIET!
BEFORE THE
INQUISITION ALL
WITCHES ARE
TREATED EQUALLY!

... ALL ARE
BURNED.



KISS THE
CRUCIFIX AND
PRAY FOR GOD'S
MERCY!

...WHEN MY
OWN POWERS ARE
MORE THAN ADEQUATE
TO MEET THE...

...SITUATION!

BACK OFF,
WANTON! I HAVE
NO NEED OF CHEAP
SYMBOLISM...

A WEAK BLAST
WILL SUFFICE TO
FREE YOU FROM
YOUR BONDS.

MANY THANKS!
I WAS A FOOL
TO DOUBT
YOU!

A MORE
POWERFUL
BLAST WILL
TEACH THEM
SOME
RESPECT!!

A WITCH IS
FREE! DESTROY
HER!



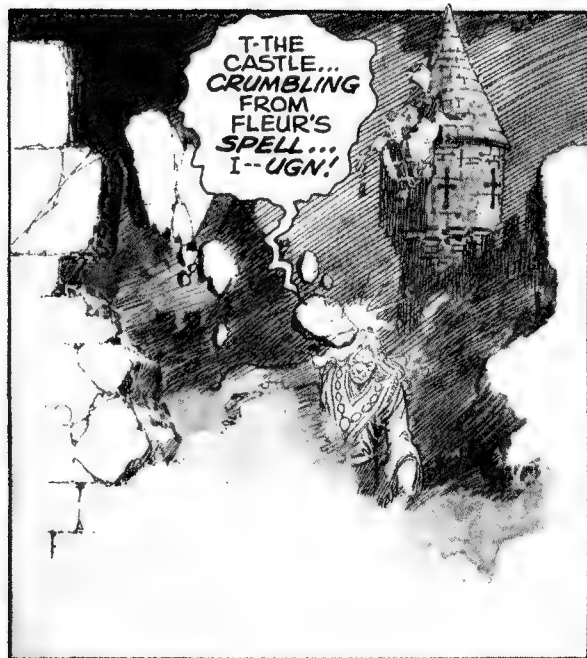
HEAR ME, DARK
ONE. FREE THE INNOCENTS
ACCUSED OF WALKING
OUR PATH. RAVAGE THIS
PLACE AND ALL THOSE
WHO PRACTICE
EVIL HERE!

NOW...TO **BALANCE**
AGAIN THE SCALES OF
JUSTICE.

GOD HELP ME!
SHE **WAS** A
WITCH.

L-LOOK OUT!
THE STATUE...
FALLING!!

NNNOOOOOO





A-A GIRL...
POSSESSED!



THE BLADE STRIKES SIR RICHARD AGAIN AND AGAIN! FLASHING PAIN STREAKS THROUGH HIS SKULL... AND THE LAST THING THE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN SEES, ARE THE BURNING EYES OF HATRED, CHELIDONIUS' DEAD MISTRESS, LURA... A ZOMBIE ANIMATED BY FLEUR'S DREAD SORCERY...!



YOU'VE DONE WELL, DEAD GIRL! NOW I MUST...

...HELP YOU!



LIVE! LIVE AGAIN THROUGH THE MAGIC OF WITCHCRAFT! BE FREE...ALIVE!



THE PAIN... THE POUNDING... LEAVING ME.



THE DEMON THAT POSSESSED ME... IS GONE! BUT... YOU'RE HURT!!

UUGGGHH!



MY GOD! WHAT CAN I DO?

THERE IS NOTHING... YOU CAN DO, BUT DON'T GRIEVE. I WILL RETURN.

WE WITCHES ALWAYS DO.

...ALWAYS... DO...

PROLOGUE

SEE THE PAINTED SLOPPY CLOWN... AND **LAUGH!** OH WHAT JOYOUS **BOFFOLA...**



I WAS BORN IN 1947...!

BUT YOUR RAUCOUS SHRIEKS WILL ONLY **BOUNCE OFF** EVERY POLKA-DOTTED TARGET OF THE FOOL'S **PRISON SUIT...** AND SLAM BACK IN YOUR EARS LIKE A DUNGEON DOOR SHUTTING FOR GOOD...!

HOW **FUNNY** THIS LAUGH-SOPPER LOOKS WITH HIS FLAPPY FEET **RUNNING..!**



IT CAN'T BE 1984 ALREADY!

GOT TO **RUN** FOR MY LIFE **EVERY YEAR...** FROM 1984 TO 2001...!



GOT TO GET RID OF THESE RIDICULOUS **SHOES!** CAN'T **MOVE** IN THEM...!



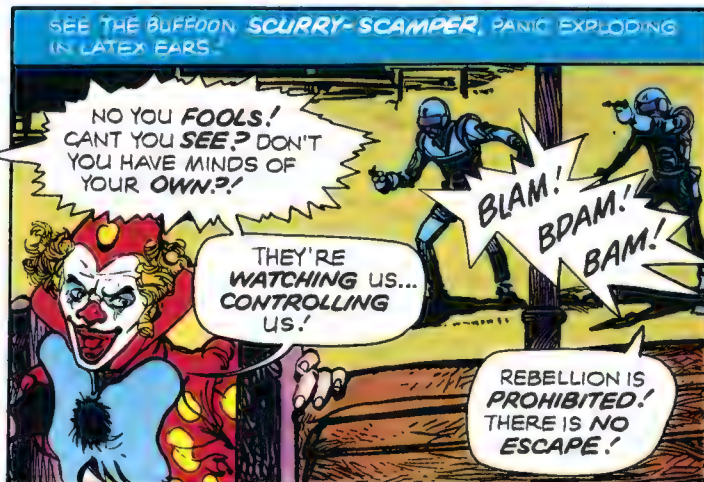
WHAT? NO MORE SLAP-FLAPPY OXFORDS TO PROVOKE THOSE UPROARIOUS BELLY-BOOMS?



NOTHING ON THIS STREET BUT **SALOONS, BANKS, GENERAL STORES, AND JAILS...**

... SO **THEY** CAN GET LOADED TO SHOOT THE TELLER TO BUY THE BEANS TO GO TO THE CELL ON A FULL STOMACH! AND THEN **BREAK OUT** TO DO IT ALL **AGAIN...**!

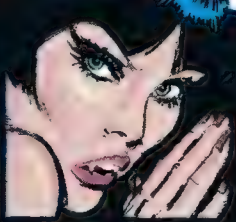
SIREN-SNAPPY NO MORE **LAUGHY!** THE ICE BLUE SUITS SWOOP IN FOR THE **KILL...!**



THROUGH THE SWINGY DOORS...
STRAIGHT TO **MADNESS...!**



YOU SAY YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S **HAPPENING**,
SHRIEK-CREEPS? WELL, ALL
THE FUZZIES WILL BE
CLEARED UP... IF
YOU JUST STAY
TUNED!



BLACK AND WHITE VACUUM TO BLUES

WATCH THE FLOTSAM FUNMAKER, FOLLOWED BY HIS FEROCIOUS **FOES**...

...INTO THE GIGGLY-SILENT **STARDUST**... THROUGH NO **AIR** AT ALL...!

WHAT'S WORSE...?
COPS OR **GALACTIC**
MARAUDERS? THEY'RE
ALL CONTROLLED BY THE
SAME DIABOLICAL
MASTERMIND!

A GREAT SUCKY **INTAKE** AND THE
JESTER OF THE SPACEWAVES
BECOMES LIKE UNTO A **WET**
NOODLE... SLURPED MAMA MIA
TOWARD THE SPACESHIP'S HUNGRY
MOUTH...!

THE
SPACERS'VE
GOT ME... CAUGHT
ME IN A **SUCTION**
VORTEX!

FWOOOOOP

...**DOWN-THUMPED** ON A SOFT SPOT
IN A STARBURST OF **PAIN**...!

OUCH!

NOBODY
HERE...?

THUMP

MAYBE THIS
DOOR LEADS TO
THE **CONTROL**
ROOM! MAYBE I
CAN USE THIS SHIP
AS A VEHICLE FOR
ESCAPE!

SEE THE MIRTHY CREATOR OF JOLLITY SO FUNNY-STUNNED AS HE OPENS THE
PLASTISTEEL SPACESHIP **PORTAL**...

NOT AGAIN!
I'VE LIVED THIS
BEFORE... OVER
AND **OVER**, THE
SAME THINGS!

UGH! HERE
IS **CLOWN**. 'CLOWN
MUST UNDERGO
HEAP BIG **TRIAL**!

LOOKY! THE CLOWN WAVERS ON CHILL-BARE FEET, PREFERRING AN EMPTY **SPACE CRUISER** TO A PLANE FULL OF **SCALP-SEEKERS...**

THEN AGAIN, SWARM-SLEWS OF **SCALP-SEEKERS** SEEM MORE DESIRABLE THAN BLUEMEN WITH BLASTING BLAZERS...!



...BUT...

JIGGERS...
THE COPS!

WHY DID I SAY THAT? I WAS FORCED TO SAY THAT!



SLAMMM!

BLAM!
BAM!

THERE HE GOES, O'CASEY! GET HIM!



HOKAY, CLOWN. YOU KNOW RULES. THIS IS LAND OF PREDESTINY... NO **FREE WILL!** EVERYTHING PROGRAMMED FOR US! NO CAN BREAK ORDER...!

BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS! WE SHARE A COMMON **ADVERSARY!** WE SHOULD UNITE TO BREAK FREE OF THE **BIG BROTHER** WHO'S WATCHING US... WHO KEEPS US UNDER **CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE!**

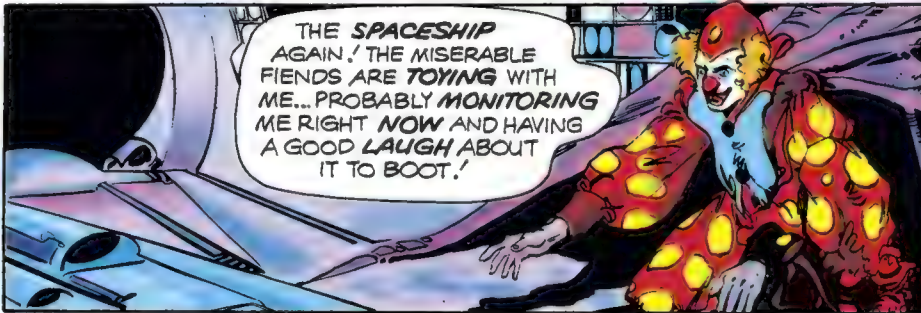


STOP FLICKING FORKED TONGUE, WHITEFACE! YOU WASTE TIME! WE ONLY ALLOTTED CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TIME... MUST ACCOMPLISH **PRESCRIBED PURPOSE** THEREIN! NO **REBELS** ARE ALLOWED!



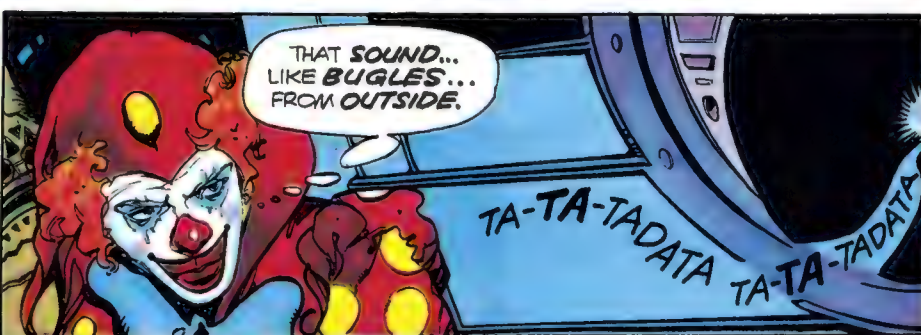
MAYBE I CAN **CONFUSE** 'EM BY LIFTING THE BACK FLAP AND **ESCAPING!**

BUT **FATE** HAS A GIGGLE OR SO UP ITS TENT-FLAP FOR OUR FUGITIVE FOOL FROM THE VAST GALACTIC DUST **CLUSTER...**



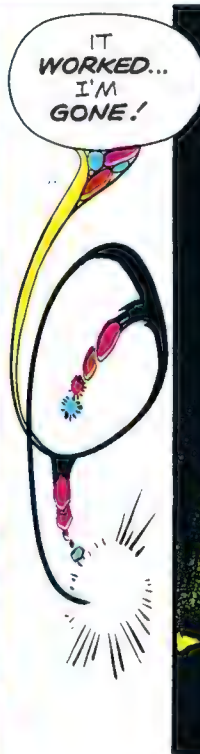
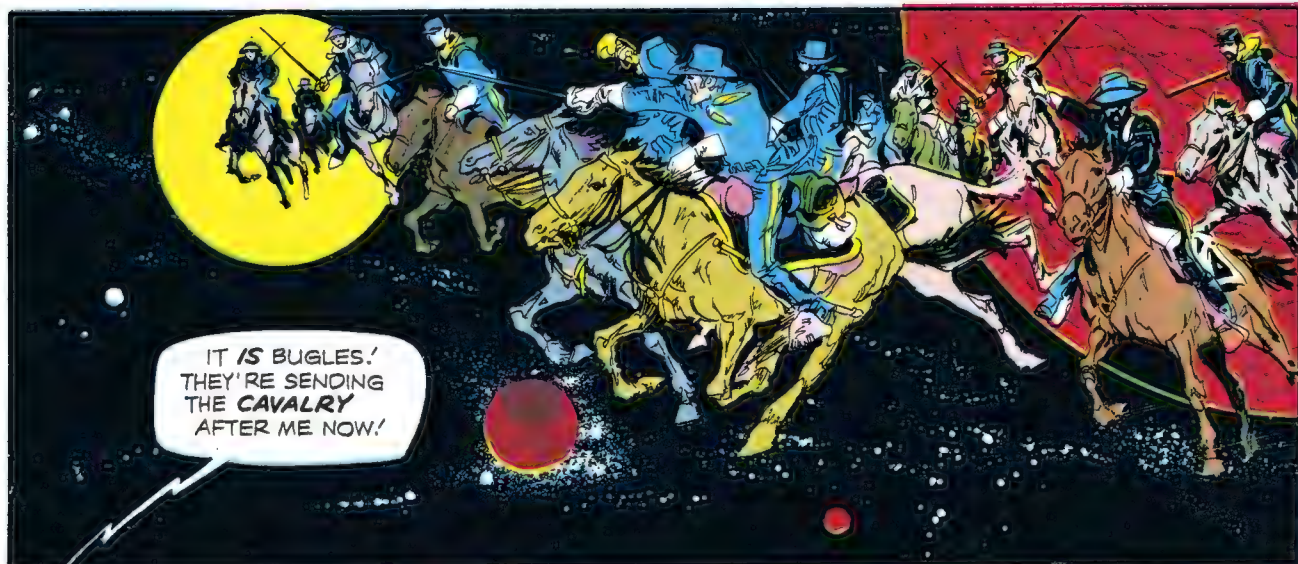
THE **SPACESHIP** AGAIN! THE MISERABLE FIENDS ARE **TOYING** WITH ME... PROBABLY **MONITORING** ME RIGHT NOW AND HAVING A GOOD **LAUGH** ABOUT IT TO BOOT!

FRANTIC HANDS OH SO FUMBLY-SLAP THE FLAP BACK ON THE ANGRY SCALPERS...



THAT **SOUND...** LIKE **BUGLES...** FROM **OUTSIDE.**

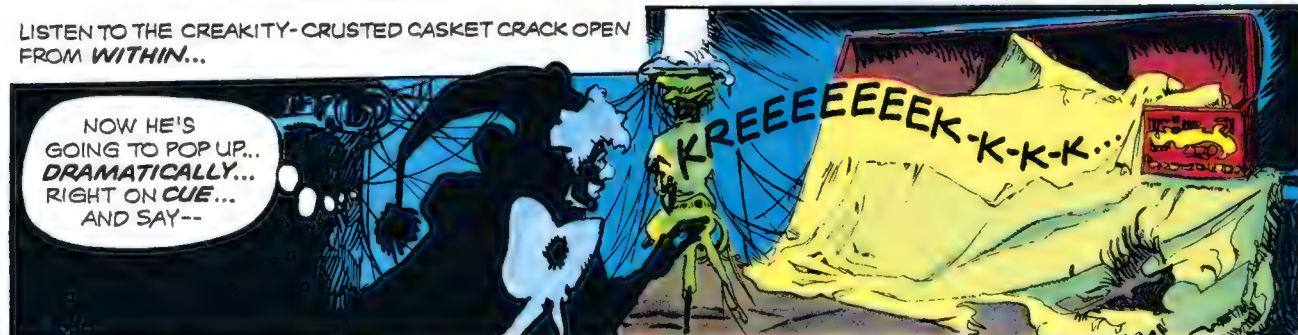
TA-TA-TADATA TA-TA-TADATA



THE CLOWN IS **DOWN**... IN A DANK-DARK, CREEPY-CRAWLY,
DISMAL - DREARY **CASTLE**...



LISTEN TO THE CREAKITY-CRUSTED CASKET CRACK OPEN FROM **WITHIN**...



NOW HE'S
GOING TO POP UP...
DRAMATICALLY...
RIGHT ON **CUE**...
AND SAY--

KREEEEEEEEK-K-K-K...

**GOOD
EVE-EN-INGGG...**

LISTEN, VAMPIRE,
I KNOW YOU'RE OUT
TO **GET ME**... JUST
LIKE ALL THE REST!
BUT **WAKE UP** AND
LISTEN TO ME!

THEY'RE
WATCHING US!
CAN'T YOU **FEEL** THEIR
EYES ON YOU EVEN
NOW? THEY **MADE**
YOU A **VAMPIRE!**



WE WERE **ALL**
BORN IN 1947, MY
DEAR CLOWN. I'VE
ALL UNDERGONE
RATINGS, AND HAVE
BEEN ASSIGNED TO
OUR INDIVIDUAL,
SPECIALIZED
ROLES...!

YOU ARE
PARANOID...
SUFFERING FROM AN
ACUTE **PERSECUTION**
COMPLEX. AND NOW
I SHALL **JUSTIFY**
THAT COMPLEX!

I WANT
YOUR **BLOOD**
BECAUSE THE
BLOOD IS THE
LIFE...

...AND
BECAUSE
I AM
THIRSTY!

YOU...YOU
HAVE **NO MIND**
OF YOUR **OWN**. YOU'RE
A **PARROT**, LIKE ALL THE
OTHERS... SPEAKING
LINES **THEY WANT**
YOU TO SPEAK...!

YOU WANT
MY **BLOOD**
BECAUSE I'M
IMMORTAL...!

BUT DON'T YOU
SEE THAT OUR LIFE
IS JUST A **STAGE**...
AND IT'S **WRITTEN**
THAT YOU WANT MY
BLOOD...?!



HELTER-SKELTER, HECTIC LEGS
JOGGLE-BOG THE CLOWNIE DOWN
THE STONE STAIRWELL.' DRAC-
FLAK HARD TO HACK?



NO USE
TRYING TO **REASON**
WITH HIM.' HE'S
BRAINWASHED LIKE
ALL THE REST!

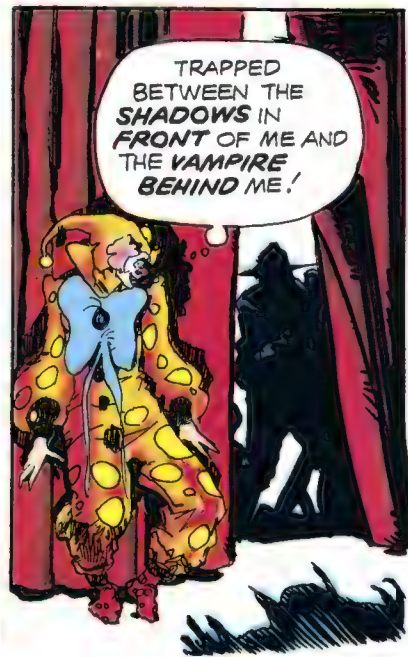
GOT TO
RUN FOR MY
LIFE...!

NO.' IT CAN'T BE
CURTAINS FOR
ME!

I DIDN'T **DO**
IT.' I'M **INNOCENT**!
THE MAN WITH THE
HOOK... IN
CASABLANCA--!



THEN THE GREAT VELVETY
CURTAINS START TO **PART**!
AND THE FOOLISH CLOWN
REALIZES THAT HIS **TIME** HAS
RUN **OUT**! HE HAS RUN AND
RUN AND **RERUN...** AND NOW
ALL HIS OPTIONS ARE
CANCELLED...!



TRAPPED
BETWEEN THE
SHADOWS IN
FRONT OF ME AND
THE **VAMPIRE**
BEHIND ME!



YOU'VE FLED
ACROSS THE VAST
WASTELAND LONG
ENOUGH, VARMINT!
YORE SHOW'S
OVER, CLOWN!

BUT I'M
NOT A CLOWN...
NOT REALLY!

I'M A **MAN**
UNDERNEATH THIS
CLOWNSUIT.' DO
YOU **HEAR**? I'M
A **MAN** WITH HIS
OWN IDENTITY!

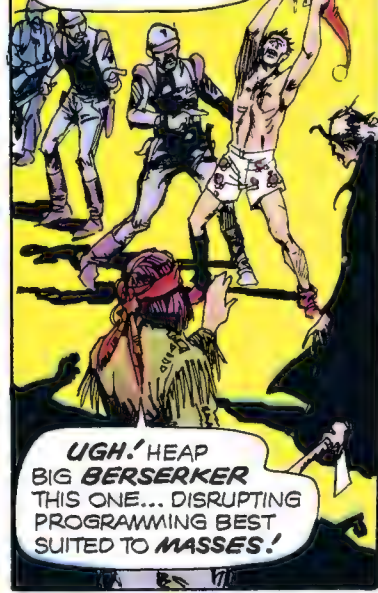


THAT'S **ENOUGH**,
AWOL Z38! YOU NEVER
SHOULD'VE LEFT YOUR
SET!

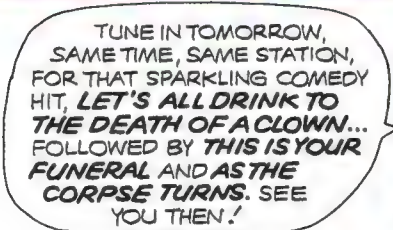
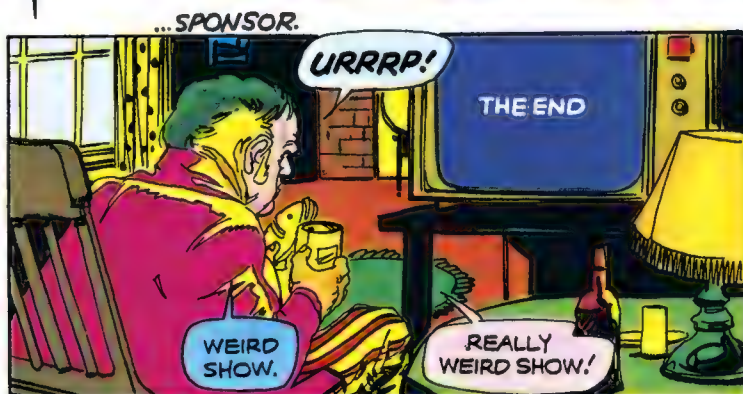
BUT WE GOT YA **NOW**
AND WE AIN'T EVEN GONNA
BOTHER **BOOKIN'** YA...
DUE TA CIRCUMSTANCES
BEYOND OUR CONTROL!

I'M A **MAN**,
I TELL YOU.' THE
CLOWN IS JUST
GREASEPAINT... AND
I **REFUSE** TO WEAR
IT ANYMORE!

I WON'T
MASQUERADE AS
AN **IDOT** MOUTHING
INANE PHRASES FOR
THE AMUSEMENT OF
CRETINS WHO CAN'T
THINK FOR
THEMSELVES!



UGH! HEAP
BIG BERSERKER
THIS ONE... **DISRUPTING**
PROGRAMMING BEST
SUITED TO **MASSSES**!



PROLOGUE



YOU'RE RIGHT!
I'D BETTER DO
SOMETHING ABOUT
THIS IMMEDIATELY!

THIS IS
DANGEROUS.

WITH THE ELEVATOR
DOORS STUCK OPEN
LIKE THIS, SOMEONE
COULD ACCIDENTALLY
FALL DOWN THE
SHAFT.' HE'D BREAK
HIS NECK FOR
SURE!

HMMM...

AND, AS THE
SUPERINTENDENT
I'D BE THE ONE
WHO'D GET
BLAMED!

IF ONLY HE COULD SEE WHAT
WAS NOW OCCURRING BEHIND
HIS BACK! PUZZLEMENT...

...CHANGING TO CRAFTINESS...

... AND JUST A STEP AWAY LIES
DEVIOUSNESS...



... THEN, FINALLY, ACTION!

LIKE THE
PREACHER
SAID...



EEEEYO WWWW...

... "TILL
DEATH DO US
PART!"



THE DREAM... IT'S ALWAYS THE **SAME**, IT BEGINS WITH YOU STANDING, PUZZLED, IN THE MIDST OF A WIDE OPEN FIELD.

THEN, **HE** APPEARS! THAT GNARLED, TWISTED LITTLE **MAN...** HEADING **TOWARD** YOU!

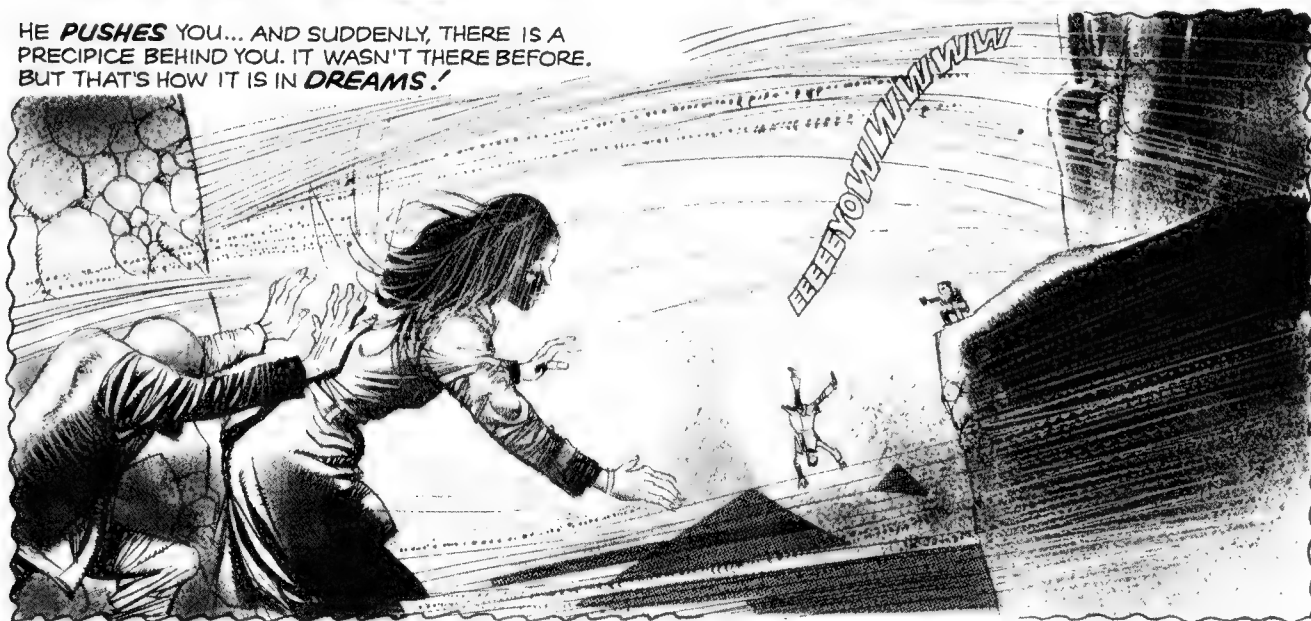


YOU WANT TO **RUN**, BUT YOU **CANNOT**. THIS MAN, THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR **DESTRUCTION...** YOU CAN ALMOST **FEEL** HIS THOUGHTS... PITCHFORKS, ANVILS... WILD INSANE, SENSELESSLY **VIOLENT** THOUGHTS!

HIS EXPRESSION IS CRAFTY, DEVIOUS... THEN, FINALLY, HE **SPEAKS...**



HE **PUSHES** YOU... AND SUDDENLY, THERE IS A PRECIPICE BEHIND YOU. IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE. BUT THAT'S HOW IT IS IN **DREAMS!**





A **SCREAM**... FADES INTO A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE AS THE DREAM **DISSOLVES**...



COFFEE! ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU **AWAKE**... KEEP YOU FROM FALLING ASLEEP AND HAVING THAT **DREAM** AGAIN...

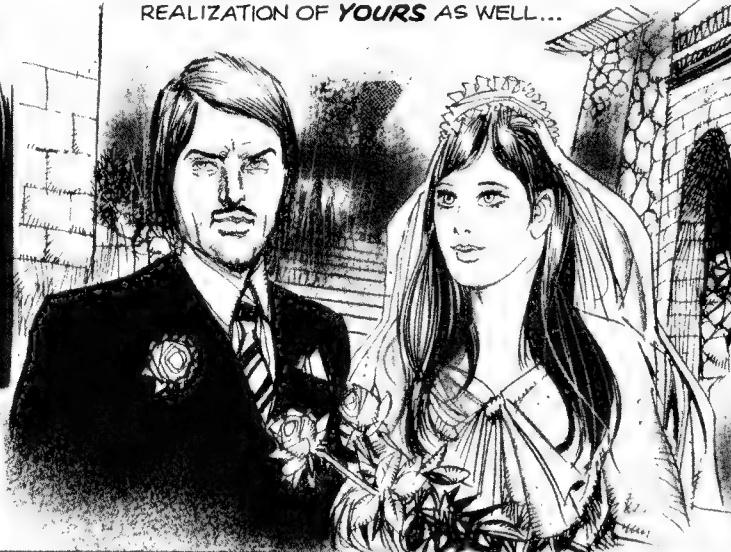


A WOMAN... A **TIRED** WOMAN, FORCING HER EYES TO REMAIN **OPEN**...

A WOMAN HAUNTED BY **MEMORIES** OF HAPPIER TIMES... OF A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD PLANS... **BIG** PLANS...



THE **WEDDING!** TWO PEOPLE JOINED INTO **ONE!** THE REALIZATION OF **HIS** PLANS WOULD BE THE REALIZATION OF **YOURS** AS WELL...



BUT THE MAN **CHANGED**... WATCHED T.V., DRANK BEER, AND ACCEPTED HIS LOT IN LIFE...



IT WAS ALL A **LIE!** HE'LL **NEVER** MAKE ANYTHING OF HIMSELF... **NEVER!**

I **HATE** HIM!

I **HATE** HIM!!



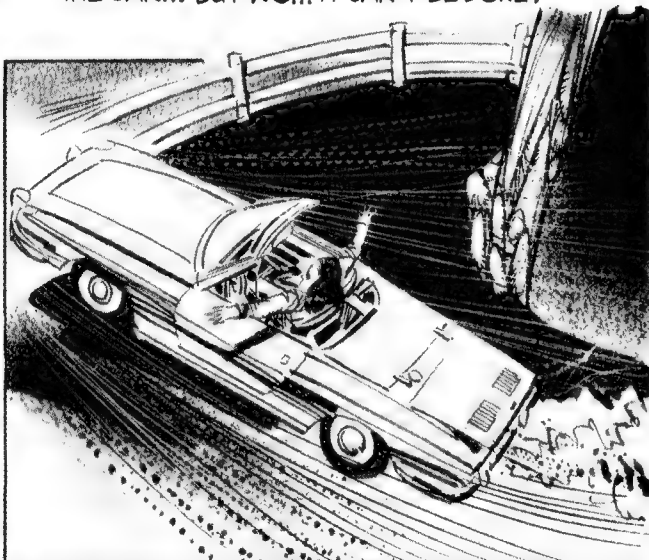
A **LIFE**... THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED! NOT THIS SIMPLE ACCEPTANCE OF **NOTHING**... BUT A LIFE OF **EXCITEMENT!**



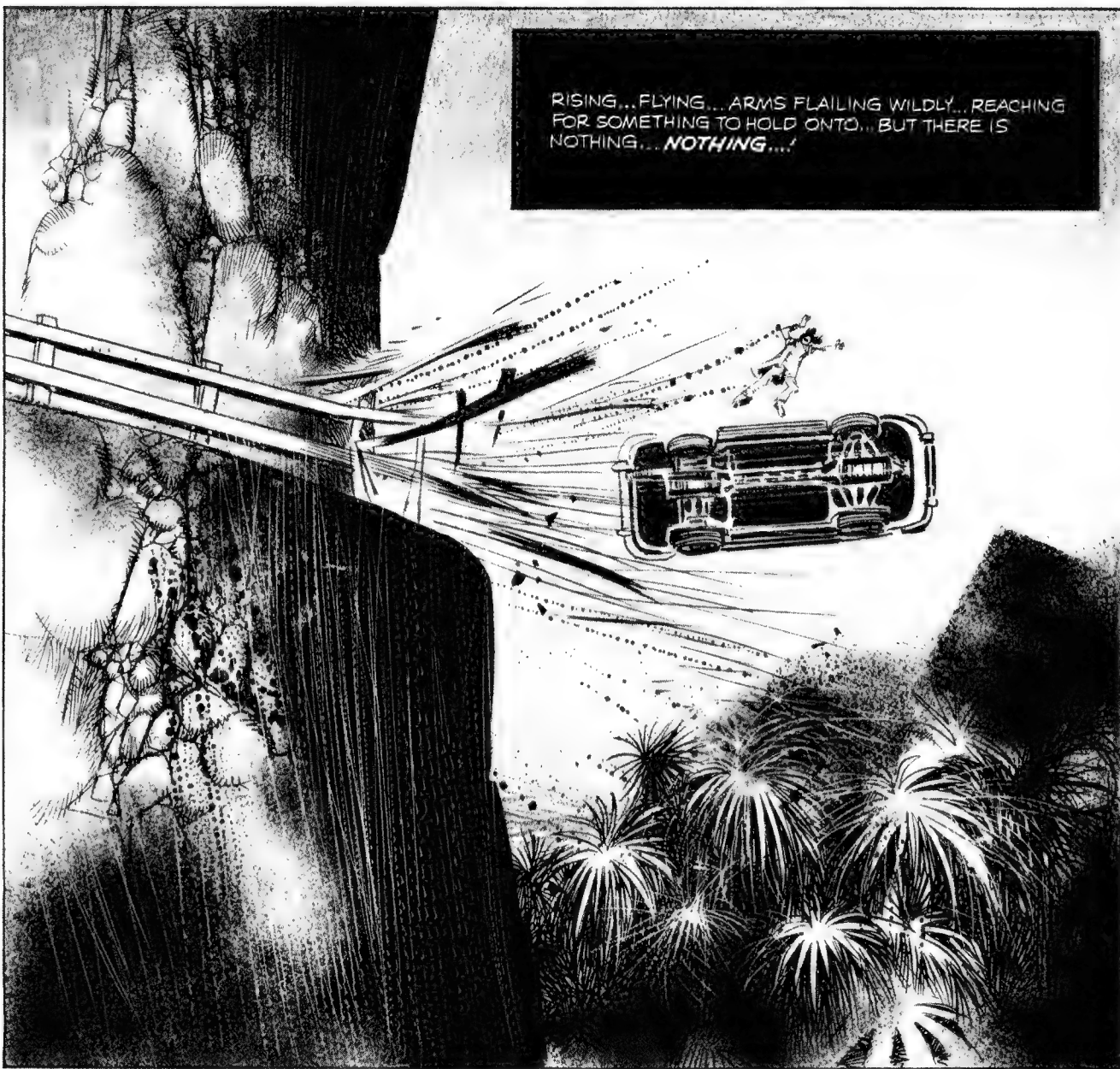
AND, AS YOU **STARE** IN ABJECT **AWE**, YOU UNAVOIDABLY, ACCIDENTALLY STEER YOUR CAR OVER INTO THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD... YOUR LEFT REAR TIRE CATCHING IN THE MUD... SPINNING **WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL**...



PANICKING... YOU TRY TO **REGAIN** CONTROL OF THE CAR... BUT **NO**... IT CAN'T BE DONE!



RISE... FLYING... ARMS FLAILING WILDLY... REACHING FOR SOMETHING TO HOLD ONTO... BUT THERE IS NOTHING... **NOTHING**...



FALLING... FALLING TOWARD JAGGED, SHARP, ROCK OUTCROPPINGS...



AND WHEN YOU **SEE...** YOU ARE **SHOCKED!** IT IS **HE** OF COURSE, IT IS **HE...**



A **HUNCHBACK**, WALKING FOR NO SPECIFIC REASON, HEADING TOWARD NO SPECIFIC DESTINATION... HIS MIND FILLED WITH PITCHFORKS... ANVILS... WILD, INSANE, SENSELESSLY **VIOLENT** THOUGHTS... HIS MIND AS **BENT** AS HIS BODY...



... HE HASN'T EVEN **HEARD** YOUR SCREAM! HE KNOWS **NOTHING** OF YOUR **DEMISE!** HE HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT SOME CURIOUS FATE HAD CHOSEN **HIM** AS THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR **DESTRUCTION...**



LIFE IS A SERIES OF **CONNECTED** AND **SIMILAR** EVENTS... A **CYCLE...** A WILDLY SPINNING **CYCLE...!**



END

PROLOGUE



... SIX DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS... ~~THAT'S~~ NOT MUCH! NOT EVEN FOR ~~THESE~~ HARD TIMES...



... JACK KNOWS ME WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW I'D PAY HIM BACK... ONCE I CAN AFFORD IT...



...IT'S NOT LIKE I BORROW A LOT... **GOD!** I GOT MY PRIDE... AND I'VE **ALWAYS** PAID MY DEBTS...



... I'VE... ALWAYS PAID MY DEBTS.

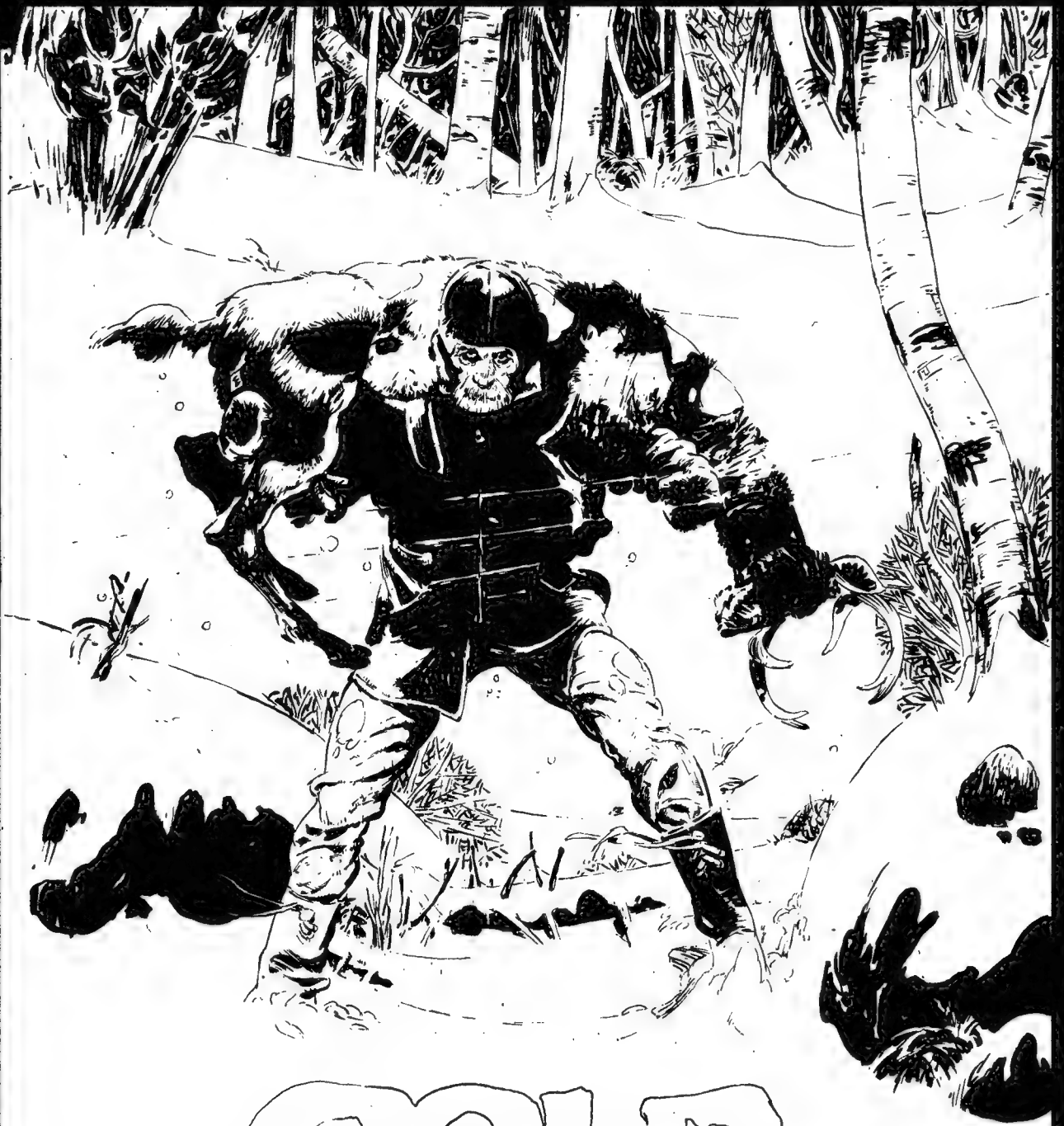


... NO, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE MONEY... WE'VE BEEN TOO CLOSE... KNOW EACH OTHER TOO WELL...



...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING **ELSE**... JUST ONE THING ELSE TO MAKE A MAN GUN DOWN HIS BEST FRIEND...

... ANNETTE.



COLD CUTS



...ANNETTE... POOR ANNETTE... BET SHE'S WORRIED SICK... **HUNGRY** TOO... IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS... WOULD'VE BEEN HOME LONG SINCE IF THE SNOW HADN'T STARTED...



... ANNETTE... ALL ALONE... SCARED... STARVING... AND ME OUT IN A BLIZZARD... DYING... CARRYING THIS CARCASS TO A HOME I'LL NEVER REACH AND A WIFE I'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN...



I'M CRYING NOW...
DAMMIT! THE TEARS
ARE FREEZING ON MY
CHEEKS... "I'LL
NEVER LET YOU
STARVE..."



... "I'LL NEVER LET YOU STARVE..." THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HER WHEN I LEFT... "I'LL NEVER LET YOU STARVE..."

... AND JACK... DEAR OLD JACK... HE'S ALWAYS HAD HIS EYE ON ANNETTE... BUT TO THINK HE'D DO... THIS...



ANNETTE.

JACK! NO!
THE SNOW...
ON THE ROOF!

... WHEN TIMES WERE **GOOD**, WE THREE WOULD LAUGH AND TALK OVER GLASSES OF WINE... TALK ABOUT OUR **PLANS**...



... BUT OUR PLANS WERE MADE TO WAIT... THIS DAMNED DEPRESSION... THESE HARD TIMES THAT FORCE MEN TO **KILL**... FOR FOOD...



... FOR FOOD...

... GREENS AND FRUIT JUST CAN'T BE HAD AT ANY PRICE... AND **MEAT**...



JACK! WHA-
WHAT ARE YOU -?!
OH, NO! **HELP!**

... MEAT CAN BE GOTTEN JUST **ONE** WAY...



HELP ME!

... YOU... YOU... HAVE TO... **HUNT**...



... IT'S **FUNNY**... IN A WAY... I'M DYING... BLEEDING TO DEATH WITH A DEER **FROZEN** TO MY SHOULDERS... AND ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS... **MEAT**...



...MEAT...LOTS OF IT...RED,
RAW...FRESH...I'VE GOT
ENOUGH MEAT HERE TO LAST
THE WINTER...IF IT'S
PROPERLY **PREPARED**...

NO! OH,
GOD, **PLEASE!**

NOW!

...FIRST, I'LL CUT OPEN
THE BELLY...TAKE OUT
THE INNARDS...

AAAGGHH! OH,
LORD! MY GUTS!



...THEN, SKIN THE CARCASS...
STRIP IT FROM TOP TO
BOTTOM...



NO! OH, GOD!!
THE PAIN!

...THEN, I'LL QUARTER IT...



AAAGGHH!
MY
LEGS!

... AND FINALLY PUT
ALL THE FRESH RED
MEAT IN THE SNOW
TO FREEZE...

DEAR GOD.

... AND IT'S **DONE** ... THE SNOW
WILL FALL ... THE WIND WILL
CARRY IT ALL AROUND TILL IT
COVERS EVERYTHING LIKE A
BLANKET...

... THE WORLD OUTSIDE
WILL LIE **SMOTHERED**
AND **FROZEN** TILL
SPRING...

... BUT YOU'LL BE SAFE
AND WARM AND **HUNGRY**
NO MORE, ANNETTE... "I'LL
NEVER LET YOU STARVE..."



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE